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Title: BREN'S DIARY

Author:  
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This day Silverpate came  
to see me. The  
black-harted demon came  
to glote, and to give me  
scroll and kwill. He said  
that I could rite whate'er  
I wanted, fer I would  
never see daylite agin. I  
fear he is rite.  
Silverpate beleves that I  
stole from him, the  
paranoid old coot! I ne'er  
woud beleve me mates  
when they spoke of the  
"littel demons" in the  
cap'in's pate, tellin him  
what to do. Corse, I  
beleved em rite enuf  
when ol' Pate tole me  
these things hisself! Alas,  
I lerned too late to  
prevent me imprisonment.  
I figure ol' Pate will  
ne'er read me words, and  
if he do, then so be it.

Whoever ye be that  
reads me words, be  
warned aginst Cap'in  
Silverpate. He uses majic  
wardrobes to spy on his  
own mates! The littel  
swiches at the Bull don't  
work, the cap'in said,  
unless the "Master  
Wardrobe" is used. This  
"Master Wardrobe" be  
sichuated down in these  
here catacomes. I also  
herd the evil-harted  
bastard yammer bout sum  
Serpint Gate. Ol' Pate  
said the gate was hidden.  
It be rite hard to be  
thinkin strate, but I think  
the cap'n said something  
bout too torches markin  
the hidden entrans. Maybe

this Serpint Gate cood  
help thee. Corse, it be  
likely that no bloke will  
e'er read me scribling...

Pate thinks everyone be  
after his trezhure. So  
distrustful be ol' Pate,  
he even spies on his own  
famly! Let it be nown  
that I, Bren, cheef bosun  
on the Black Gull, were a  
pirate who ne'er turned  
against one o' his own...